THE PORT FOLIO
ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXXIX.

My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord, nor faint, when thou art rebuked of him; for whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you, as with sons; but if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons.

PAUL TO THE HEBREWS.

There is not a spectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator, intent upon his works, than a brave man superior to his sufferings.

DEMETRIUS.

Who knows not to *suffer*, has not a noble soul.

Telemachus of FENELON.

To *bear*, is to *conquer* our fate.

THOS. CAMPBELL.

How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thanks the gods, who throw the weight upon him!

ADDISON'S CATO.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

We trust you comprehend the allegory, the mention of our *Toy-Shop* is intended to carry with it; and, as there are, among the many vain and fanciful children of this world, some few serious and candid ones, you will not think it altogether inconsistent with our profession, if, in aiming to please all our customers, we occasionally exhibit, in our assortment of fancy-pieces, others of a more subtantial and solid texture. In taking an account of stock, last week, we found the following epistolary article, sent us by a worthy philosophic friend, who, among his acquaintances reckons many, to whom he has frequent occasion to say, as the friar said to Romeo,

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Similar to our friend's moral sentiments was the doctrine we lately heard advanced in the pulpit, by an orthodox divine. He maintained that we were sent here to combat troubles and dangers; and that to leave our posts, and absent ourselves from the world, because of the asperities of the way, would be like deserting in the day of battle.

But, setting aside all metaphor, similes, &c. we are persuaded, that if every one would adopt our friend's theory of a resigned and confidential acquiescence in every dispensation, we should hear less of the enormous vexations of this life, and witness fewer instances of despair and suicide. If you deem this letter worth your attention, and have nothing else on hand to furnish materials for a Lounger, it is at your disposal.

Yours, &c.

VERBAL AND TROCHEE.

DEAR FRIENDS,

When we look around us, and consider the numerous perplexities, with which man is encompassed, what shall we say of his situation? Notwithstanding all that may be said of the evils of this life, by those who view every thing on the "sombre side" I cannot but think that, if there were less affliction, there would be less happiness; or, in other words, that every particular circumstance, in our affairs, is as it should be.*

If we were self-created, we might well complain of our misfortunes, or repine at every thing which obstructs the rapid career of our pleasures. But, happily for man, he is a dependent on an allwise, and all-powerful Being, who never created any thing but to answer some valuable purpose.

Almost innumerable are the difficulties we have to encounter in the tumultuous scenes of the "busy world;" but they are most necessary monitors† to warn us of our weakness, and to admonish us to resist them to the utmost of our faculties, and to submit patiently to those, that remain irresistible.

At one time, I seem gliding along the zenith of prosperity; at another, smitten by adversity, I am groveling on the confines of despair. In the first situation, what is there to prevent my esteeming myself a celestial being, equally exalted with the heavenly choir; or, in the last, to hinder my being plunged into a continual despondency? One serious reflection, on the instability and fickleness of human nature, will forever banish, from my mind, every triumphant thought, every haughty exultation. A confidential reliance on, a Just, Benevolent, and Almighty Power; and an assurance that nothing will be permitted, by that Power, but what will finally prove his wisdom and goodness; together with the recollection, that I may have something more to perform, will enable me to rise superior to the frowns of fortune, and the contempt of the world; will dispel the clouds of melancholy, which gather over my head, and leave me resigned, and contented, in the light of reason and philosophy.

As for myself, I have, hitherto, been highly favored among mortals; and, therefore, may not be considered capable of conceiving how greatly I might be affected in extreme adversity. But, I can the better paint to myself its horrid form, by considering how deserving I am of it; can lighten its burden, by supposing it just at hand; and, when it arrives, can bid it welcome, in hopes that it will convince me of some error, cure me of some folly, or rid me of some vice.

To live in the world, suffer its unavoidable difficulties, and bear our misfortunes with fortitude, is to answer one purpose of our existence. But to live, as happily as possible, and contribute, all in our power, to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, is to perform the most important part of our duty on earth.

Thus, through the different scenes of life 'tis my delight to pass, despising wealth, acquired by base means, and esteeming poverty a most welcome inheritance.

Friends, faithful and true, are the sure assuagers of grief; and when deprived of them, the thought of doing something beneficial to mankind, even while neglected and despised, will amply compensate a philanthropic breast, for the greatest exertions. What! endeavour to assist those, who refuse your assistance, and strive to live in the world, when almost pressed to the ground, by the rigor of fate, and the burden of woe? Yes, this is a case, in which we can exercise our perseverance in doing good; for, to live, when prosperity is poured upon us in profusion, requires but trifling efforts.

Let me then be contented with whatever of good or ill fortune may fall to my share. Yes, be it my task to pass my life agreeably to myself, and useful to others, as far as my slender abilities, and situation in life, will permit. Let storms of adversity beat on, and threaten to plunge me into the gulf of desperation—rage with the impetuosity of a roaring torrent—and spread gloom and despair around; though, at first, it seem to shock me, and baffle my utmost resistance, yet, I will try to collect my fluctuating thoughts, summon resolution, and, casting off the shackles of consternation, stand firm and unmoved amidst the dismal calamity, which many would pronounce insupportable, and *sufficient* to authorise the declaration, that the *world* is a *miserable place*, and a *life here is not worth possessing!*

Thus, I think, while Reason remain, I will listen to her voice, and, believe, that to live in the world, without knowing its incidental calamities, and without experiencing want and disasters, would be *not to live at all.*

* Not that the misconduct of one man to another is *as it should be* with regard to himself and neighbour; but as it respects God's universal administration which ultimately proves, that no circumstance is from chance, or blind casualities.

† Sweet are the uses of adversity.

SHAKSPEARE—*As you like it.*

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

Some persons are apt to suppose that the older the world grows, the more enlightened it becomes; and consequently that doctrines contrary to the sentiments of the wisest ancients, may be maintained with peculiar propriety and merit praise. Whether those innovations, in science in cases where the merits of both sides of the question are nearly balanced are or are not proper, I shall not determine—but when the arguments against a change are stronger than those in favour of it, common sense tells us in what manner we are to decide. Those doctrines which are sanctioned with the approbation and

support of the most learned men—which for ages have been regarded as genuine, and upon which, have been effected revolutions, and governments established, are entitled to some degree of veneration. We should not reject them as spurious, without very forcible reasons. We should impartially and attentively investigate the subject—consider the established doctrine—view the intended change, examine authors on the subject and submit to be guided by reason. The result of this enquiry must doubtless be right—or one at least, with which we may rest satisfied.

The state of nature and natural rights has latterly been treated by a writer in your paper as mere chimæras—as things that never had any existence but in the brains of philosophers. Such a thing as a right in a state of nature appears to him contrary to reason—what, in fact, never existed.

To establish his doctrine, so inconsistent with the received opinion of philosophers for centuries past—philosophers celebrated for correctness of sentiment and depth of reason—a few arguments are produced—arguments of such a nature as will not perhaps carry conviction to every mind. But as these new assertions are deemed self-evident, it is not surprising he is so frugal with his reasons. The only argument, indeed, produced, to shew the non-existence of natural rights, is the invalidity of a person, pleading those rights against his fellow-brutes (as the author expresses himself) when they attempt to offer him violence. This surely, is strange reasoning, that men in a state of nature, have no rights, because when unjustly attacked—pleading them, would be useless. It would be a very fortunate circumstance, in civil society if by pleading our rights, when attacked by a robber, or murderer, we could escape unhurt—murders and robberies would if this were the case, exist only in name. Happy, indeed, would be our lot. Universal experience, proves however the inefficacy of such a plea, and few if any ever make use of it. But does it follow from this, we have no right to our lives and property. You might with as much propriety answer in the negative, in this case as in the other. Though asserting those rights when assaulted is ineffectual—yet this does not lessen the wrong, which the killing, or restraining a man without a legal cause, in a state of nature certainly is—there could be no wrong committed, unless a right existed—a right must exist somewhere, and that must be in the injured party.

In what state of society are the savage inhabitants of many parts of the world? have they any positive laws to regulate their intercourse—does any political government exist among them? if not they clearly do not come under the denomination of civilized. But does it follow that because they are not civilized—they are in no state whatever—most certainly not—That state, which in the history of man is previous to his entering into civil government, is termed by philosophers natural—a state of nature—the lot of all mankind till the introduction of positive law. This is the name it has received, and which expresses clearly the idea it represents. Such a state does not exclude the idea of imperfect union and mutual dependency—the Indians of North America are a proof of this, still they are in a state of nature in the same manner as flocks of birds, and herds of wild cattle. That men in this state have no rights, appears a very strange proposition. One would have thought that Mr. Locke had long since proved the absurdity of the idea, and that from his time none would attempt to maintain it—but mirabile dictu the attempt has again been made—and a system produced in which the non-existence of natural rights forms a main pillar. Rights *acquired* by entering into society, are talked of but not a word said of the rights, resigned or those, previously possessed—What do the constitutions of every state in the union declare? Whether has not man in a state of nature as good and indubitable a right to his life as under a form of civil government—and would not a person depriving him of it, commit in the eye of God, a sin as highly henious as if it had been perpetrated in civil society? an answer to these questions will decide the point. By what kind of right does a man enjoy his limbs—his liberty—the elements, air, water, and light—surely not by an adventitious one—it must be then by a natural right—or in other words by the gift of God.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

It is related of Henry Fielding, that when he was *martyrd* with the gout, or depressed by poverty, he used to read Seneca, and Cicero de Consolatione. These are admirable authors, to be sure, for the use of men who repose calmly in the elbow chair, and like Shakespear's Dogberry, have "two coats, and every thing comfortable about them." But when we are rendered more than usually grave, by the "*dull realities*" of this miserable life, it seems absurd to read *grave* authors, to make us still graver. If we wish to divert the humour of black melancholy, we should apply to some merry mountebank, instead of the lawful physicians of the schools.

The gay Monsieur St. Evremond recommends authors, who can excite us to laughter; and imagines Don Quixote a better assuager of care, than Plutarch, because it is easier to dissipate than to vanquish grief. I like this theory of the cheerful Frenchman; and, when I fall into a fit of Welsh choler and profound melancholy, as I reflect upon the degradation of my country, the misfortunes of my family, and the most venerable of my friends, plundered by all the factions of a revolution; when I meditate upon health, assailed by every sullen gale, in the most capricious of climes, and honour and fortune, like young eaglets, hindered from rising, and held down to the earth, by every republican boor, I run to the merriest authors in my library. I laugh with Rabelais, who satirizes, and Swift, who scorns, with Sterne, who sneers, and with Addison, who smiles at the awkward follies, or the portentous crimes of man. I giggle with Gil Blas and Monsieur Scarron, and, I chuckle, as I see my chambermaid brush into the fire, from the tired shelves, tomes of French philosophy, and all the *free* and *equal* consolations to be found among republican rubbish.

Voltaire, in his letters from Amabed, makes his hero declare, that he had been lately studying the elements of the Italian tongue, with his mistress by his side. "The first day, we conjugated together very easily, the verb I *love*. It employed us several days," the author archly adds, "to conjugate the rest of the verbs."

I have read a multitude of literal and faithful versions of that ode of HORACE, in which he praises Licinia, the betrothed bride of his patron, Mæcenas. None has, in my opinion, so exquisitely described the airs and graces of a Roman charmer, as the following paraphrase, for which I am indebted to the genius of Miss Seward, who without copying servilely from the ancient canvass, has given us the felicity of the original outline, and the vivid *glow* of the colours.

Enraptur'd by Licinia's grace,
My muse would all high themes decline,
Charm'd that the heart, the form, the face
Of matchless excellence is thine.

Ah, happy friend, for whom an eye,
Of splendid, and resistless fire,
Lays all its pointed arrows by,
For the mild gleams of soft desire!

With what gay spirit does she foil
The Pedant's meditated hit!
What happy archness in her smile!
What pointed meaning in her wit!

Her cheek how pure a crimson warms,
When with the nymphs, in circling line,
Bending she twines her snowy arms,
And dances round Diana's shrine.

Mæcenas, thou wouldst not exchange
The treasures gorgeous Persia pours,
The wealth of Phrygia's fertile range,
Or warm Arabia's spicy shores,

For one light ringlet of the hair,
Which shades thy sweet Licinia's face,
In that dear moment when the fair
Is flying from thy fond embrace,

Relenting turns her snowy neck,
To meet thy kisses half the way,
Or, when her *feign'd* resentments check
The ardours thy warm lips convey.

While in her eyes the languid light
Betrays a yielding wish to prove,
Amid her coy, yet playful flight,
The pleasing force of fervent love.

Or when in gaily frolic guise,
She snatches her fair self the kiss,
E'en at the instant she denies
Her lover the requested bliss.

The following serious sonnet, though somewhat harsh in its construction, will be perused with pleasure, by the few, who have learned the value of *solitary* hours, and who are skilled in other modes of enjoying the winter eve, than amid the malignant gossiping of prudish *tea* parties, or the humdrum remarks of insipid citizens, more flat and mawkish, than their stupifying beer.

WINTER EVENING.

When mourn the dark winds o'er the lonely plain,
And from pale noon sinks, ere the fifth cold hour,
The transient light, IMAGINATION'S power,
With knowledge and with science in her train,
Not unpropitious Hyems' icy train
Perceives;—since, in the deep and silent hour
High themes the rapt concentering thoughts explore,
Freed from external pleasure's glittering chain.
Then most the understanding's culture pays
Luxuriant harvest, nor shall folly bring
Her aids obtrusive—Then, with ardent gaze,
The *ingenious* to their rich resources spring,
While sullen winter's dull imprisoning days,
Hang on the *vacant* mind, with *flagging* wing.

Miss Anna SEWARD, a very elegant poetess, and whose "Llangollen Vale" will transmit her genius to future ages, has paraphrased certain of the odes of Horace, sometimes in a very diffuse, but oftener in a very spirited manner. The Roman poet, on a festal day, commemorating the elevation of L. Murena to the dignity of an augur, composed an ode at table, in which he exhorts Telephus to dissolve his care. The ensuing extracts from Miss Seward's version, I read, and all the social tribe will read with glee.

Fill a bright bumper—to the moon!
She's new!—auspicious be her birth!
One to the midnight!—'tis our noon
Of jocund thought and festal mirth!

Arrange the cups of various size,
The least containing bumpers three,
And nine the rest.—Come, no disguise!
Nor yet constraint, the choice is free,

All but the *bard's*—the bowl of *nine*,
He is in duty, bound to fill;
The *muses number* to decline,
Were treason at Aonia's hill.

For here the sisters shall preside,
So they allow us leave to laugh;
Unzon'd the graces round us glide,
While we the liquid ruby quaff.

Yet *they*, in kind and guardian care,
Dreading lest wild inebriate glee
With broils disturb our light career,
Would stint us to their number, *three*.

Away, *ye prudes*—the caution wise
Becomes not this convivial hour,
That every dull restraint defies,
And laughs at all their frigid power.

Thou sayst I rove;—and *true* thou sayst.
Nor must thou check the flowing vein,
For sprightly nonsense suits him best
Whom grave reflection leads to pain.

Why mute the pipe's enlivening note?
Why sleeps the charming lyre so long?
O, let their strains around us float,
Mix'd with the sweet and jocund song:

And lavish be the roses strewn!
Ye flutes, ye lyres, exulting breathe!
The festal hour disdains to own,
The mournful note, the niggard wreath.

From themes, that wake the powers of mind,
The wounded spirit sick'ning turns;
To those be then *this* hour consign'd,
That mirth approves, though wisdom spurns.

—

Dr. GRAINGER's Tibullus is rather a heavy translation, and I find my opinion of its poetical imbecility confirmed, by Mr. Pye, the present Laureat. The Sugar Cane, a poem of some celebrity, I never could read through; though a few passages engaged my attention, and merited praise. But the following invocation to solitude is wonderfully sublime, and Dr. Johnson once repeated it with the enthusiasm of applause.

O Solitude, romantic maid,
Whether by nodding towers you tread;
Or haunt the desart's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb;
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide;
Or, starting from your half year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep;
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmer's marble waste survey.

Nothing can be more picturesque, than the images of this lonely Power contemplating, from the height of Hecla, the dissolution of polar ice, and, amid the brightness of the morning, expatiating over the desolate ruins of ancient grandeur. The various stations, which Solitude may be supposed to assume, are described by the poet, with the most admirable propriety, whether he directs his imagination to the source of the Nile, or the side of the Andes.

—

Many of the odes of Anacreon, Catullus, and Horace, are often incentive, not only to the raptures, but to the madness of Love and Wine. But the ensuing lines, translated from the *merriest* of the *Greeks*, by the accomplished Moore, contain a *wholesome* law of drinking, which Prudence and Temperance may sign, and which old Experience may approve.

Fill me, boy, as deep a draught,
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd;
But let the *water amply flow*,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;
Let not the fiery God be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle.
For, though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Oh! be it ne'er the birth of madness.

—

Pierius Valerianus, says Mr. Moore, has founded the ensuing epigram, on the mythological allegory of commemorating by altars to *Bacchus* and the *nymphs*, the temperate union of *water* with wine.

Ardentem ex utero Semeles lavere Lyæum
Naiades; extincto fulminis igne sacri;
Cum nymphis igitur tractabilis, at sine nymphis
Candenti rursus fulmine corripitur.

While Heavenly fire consum'd his Theban dame,
A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
And dipp'd him, burning, in her purest lymph.
Still, still, he leaves the sea maid's chrystal urn,
And, when his native fires infuriate burn,
He bathes him in the fountain of the nymph.

—

The poet, SMART, who has translated PHÆDRUS, in a manner that the Thracian Freedman himself might read with complacency in the court of Tiberius, has written a few ORIGINAL fables, which I think very little inferior to those of La Fontaine. One of the most liberal critics among my literary friends, has recently expressed to me his pleasure, in perusing the easy verses, which a few evenings since, I copied from that brilliant book, "The Meteors," on the subject of imputed plagiarism. I hope he will agree with me, that the ensuing fable rivals the tale of Clodio in the *Oven*.

The poker lost, poor Susan storm'd,
And all the rights of rage perform'd;
As scolding, crying, swearing, sweating,
Abusing, fidgetting, and fretting.
"Nothing but villainy and thieving;
Good heavens, what a world we live in!
If I don't find it in the morning,
I'll surely give my master warning.
He'd better far shut up his doors,
Than keep such good for nothing ——s.
For, whereso'er their trade they drive,
We *vartuous* bodies cannot thrive."
Well may poor Susan grieve and groan,
Misfortunes never come alone,
But tread each others heels in throngs,
For the next day she lost the tongs,
The salt box, cullender and pot
Soon shar'd the same untimely lot.
In vain she vails and wages spent,
On new ones—for the new ones went.
There'd been, she swore, some devil, or witch in
To rob and plunder all her kitchen.
One night she to her chamber crept,
Where, for a month, she had not slept,
Her master being, to her seeming,
A better playfellow, than dreaming.
Curse on the author of these wrongs,
In her *own bed* she found the tongs,
Hang Thomas for an idle joker,
In her own bed she found—the *poker*;
Her salt box, pepper box, and kettle,
With all the culinary metal.——
Be warn'd, ye fair, by Susan's crosses,
Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from losses,
For if young girls delight in kissing,
No wonder that the *poker's missing*.

—

I think I could pretty accurately estimate the quantum of sensibility in a man's bosom, by knowing with what kind of emotions he rose from the perusal of the following lines, faithful to nature; so descriptive of the heart, and so honourable to the muse of the sensitive author. He, who does not enter into the spirit of the fourth, and, above all, of the last stanza, has yet to perform his noviciate of the passions, and it will be long, before he can exclaim with Virgil's shepherd "Nunc scio quid sit AMOR."

Near yonder cot upon the moor,
Whose grey smoke winds in many a curl;
I met this morn a lovely girl,
Knitting beside the cottage door.

With many a modish damsel oft,
I've squander'd foolishly my time,
Play'd with their hands and cheeks so soft,
Or hitch'd them into many a rhyme.

But when I turn'd to go away,
My bosom felt no tickling pain,
And scarcely did I hear them say,
I'd thank you, sir, to call again.

But when I saw this lass so fair,
Her floating eye so blue and round,
Its lustre I could no more bear,
But bashful look'd upon the ground.

My jealous pride then took alarm,
Face her, it whisper'd o'er and o'er,
Look up, she cannot do thee harm,
Did'st thou ne'er see a girl before.

Rous'd from the dream, I rais'd my hat
And tho't some civil thing to say;
I look'd, my heart went pit a pat,
And glad was I to get away.

Yet tho' I hurried from her sight,
Roam wheresoe'er my footsteps will,
That *full blue eye*, that *face so bright*,
Will HAUNT ME, LIKE A SPECTRE, STILL.

—

Monsieur Menage has composed a Greek Anacreontic, which I will not terrify my fair or my superficial readers by publishing in the original. But I will preserve an enchanting translation of it by T. Moore, Esq.

As dancing o'er the enamell'd plain,
The flowret of the virgin train,
My soul's Corinna lightly play'd,
Young Cupid saw the graceful maid;
He saw, and in a moment flew,
And round her neck his arms he threw;
And said, with smiles of infant joy,
"Oh! kiss me, *mother*, kiss thy boy."
Unconscious of a mother's name,
The modest virgin blush'd with shame!
And angry Cupid, scarce believing
That vision could be so deceiving,
Thus to mistake his *Cyprian dame*,
The little infant blush'd with shame.
"Be not asham'd, my boy," I cried,
For I was lingering by his side,
"Corinna and thy lovely mother,
"Believe me, are so *like each other*,
"That clearest eyes are oft betray'd,
"And take *thy Venus* for my *maid*."

—

In many editions of the works of GRAY, the following song, gallantly written by him, at the request of Miss Speed, does not appear. The thought is so ingenious, the expression so delicate, and the passion so natural, I shall be thanked by many a sentimental reader for copying it during my Evenings.

Thyrsis, when we parted, swore
Ere the *Spring* he would return!
Ah, what means yon *violet* flower,
What the *buds*, that deck the thorn?
'Twas the *lark*, that upwards sprung,
'Twas the *nightingale*, that sung.

Idle notes, untimely *green!*
Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales, and skies serene,
Speak not *always winter past*
Cease my doubts, my tears to move,
Spare the HONOUR of MY LOVE!

—

I know not whether the following passage, from Addison's works, has ever been quoted as an example of his inimitable style. When I am engaged in the composition of an essay, and reflect how hard it is to approach even a faint resemblance of the manner of the SPECTATOR, and how exquisitely elegant that manner is, I record such a paragraph as the following with a mixed sensation of delight and despair.

"The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face. She has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her

works; and when we load it with a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties to childish gew gaws, ribbons, and bone lace."

—

In the "Meteors" the following amorous remonstrance, is addressed to a jealous mistress, and it is both pathetic and poetical.

Oh! spare those sighs, that softly speak
The fond repinings of thy breast,
On which from storms and north winds bleak,
Secure I often sought to rest.

While her love's true, my sweet one's fears
Should all be banish'd to the wind;
A slight affliction, bath'd with tears,
Bespeaks a weakness in the mind.

I would not have the girl I love,
Wrap in suspicion all her soul,
Because sometimes I devious rove,
Neglecting her, to drain the bowl.

Bacchus, the god of nectar'd treasure,
Ranges in Venus' myrtle grove,
And if his grapes invite to pleasure,
Where shall I fly, but to my love?

Can I then leave thy dear controul,
Or deign on false ones to repose?
Thinkest thou, I would mid nettles roll,
And slight the fragrance of the rose?

—

MATTHEW GREEN, one of the most original poets in our language, prescribes no less pleasantly, than judiciously against the attacks of hypochondria. In very desperate cases, he describes his own regimen.

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins;
Talk of unusual swell of waist,
In maid of honour loosely lac'd,
And beauty borrowing Spanish red,
And loving pair with separate bed:
And jewels, pawned for loss of game,
And then redeem'd by loss of fame;
Of Kitty, aunt left in the lurch,
By grave pretence to go to church,
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin,
And thus, in modish manner, we,
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

KING'S BENCH.

THE KING v. HARRIS.

Mr. Gibbs stated, on the part of the prosecution, that the defendant is, by profession, a money broker and money lender.

Mr. Taylor, manager of the Opera-house, having got into great difficulties, persuaded Federici, a musician at that theatre, to accept a bill of exchange for 245l. at three months after date, which Federici consented to, merely to accommodate Mr. Taylor. This bill was given to a Mr. Galleni (also connected with the Opera-house) to get discounted. Galleni carried it to this money broker, who, like most of his profession, had not *sho much moneys* by him, but if he would take the greatest part in *goods*, he would accommodate him. Mr. Taylor's necessities were so urgent, that Galleni, who acted in this case as his agent, was obliged to accept of any terms: 50l. accordingly was given in money; the *goods* were, a grand piano-forte, valued at 75l. and worth nothing at all, except for the mahogany frame; in addition to this, there were different parcels of Irish linens, Welch flannels, and sea charts; when the bill became due, the defendant sued Federici, and obtained a verdict. Galleni (whom Federici had relied upon as a [illegible]) could not speak English, or give an intelligible account of the transaction. Federici then filed a bill in chancery against the defendant, calling upon him to set forth, upon oath, what value he had given for this bill. The defendant then called upon Galleni, and asked him, had he the bill of parcels which he had sent with the goods. Galleni replied, he had lost it; well then, says the money lender, I will not say a word of the pianoforte. Accordingly in his answer he did not mention this pianoforte. Mr. Gibbs then said, he intended to submit to the jury, whether it was possible for the defendant to have forgot this pianoforte, which was by much the principal *item* of those goods, which he professed to give in payment of this bill? If he had not forgot it, and yet omitted when accounting upon oath to mention it, in such case he was guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury.

Mr. Garrow, on the part of the defendant, pointed out several variations in the record, from the statement in the original bill.

Lord Ellenborough said, that he was obliged to pronounce those variations fatal; but at the same time he was sorry to see the justice of the country disappointed by the carelessness of practitioners; he did not mean particularly to allude to this defendant, for every man was to be presumed innocent till he should be proved guilty; but it was of great public importance, that those who swore answers to bills in equity, should have the fear of an indictment before them, if they were inclined to swear falsely.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It is pleasing to see such a writer as Cumberland, speak in praise of the Leonidas of Mr. Glover, for notwithstanding the abrupt and laconic structure of his periods, which, like Cowper's translation of Homer, in some places, is ill suited to the melody of verse, and his rejection of the use of machinery, yet, for the happiness of choice in the subject, the artful conduct of the principal design, and adapting the episodes to the carrying on, and serving that design, for variety and discrimination of character, both in conduct and sentiment, and for variety of beautiful and new comparisons and similes, the Leonidas may rank with Lucan's Pharsalia, Statius' Thebaid, with Camoen's Lusiad, and Voltaire's Henriade, and may be considered as a legitimate descendant of the great Milton himself.

It is surprizing that this poem is so little known; some who have read it attentively, think that even Lord Lyttleton did not over-rate its merits, though he was so partial to the author and the work. And it is peculiarly pleasing to the friends of Glover's memory, to read his character, as given by the eminent Dr. Brocklesby, on the occasion of his death—to be found in the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1785.

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The specimen which Mr. Cumberland has given of a blank verse translation of the Iliad is, by some, considered as peculiarly excellent;—in melody of verse, and harmony of cadence, it is supposed to excel that of the illustrious Cowper, even in his happy talent: witness the following:

——To the stationed fleet of Greece,
With costly ransom, offering to redeem
His captive daughter, came the holy seer:
The laurel garland, ensign of his God,
And golden sceptre in his hand he bore;
And thus to all—but chief the kingly sons
Of Atreus, suppliant he address'd his suit.

"Kings, and ye well appointed warriors, all!
So may the gods, who on Olympus' heights
Hold their celestial mansions, aid your arms
To level yon proud towers, and to your homes
Restore you, as to me you shall restore
My captive daughter, and her ransom take,
In awful reverence of the God I serve."

He ceas'd: the assembled warriors all assent,
All but Atrides—he the general voice
Opposing, with determined pride rejects
The proffer'd ransom, and insults the suit—
"Let me not find thee, priest!—if thou presum'st,
Or here to loiter, or henceforth to come,
'Tis not thy sceptre, no, nor laurel crown,
Shall be thy safeguard; hence!—I'll not restore
The captive thou deman'st; doom'd for her life
In distant Argos, where I reign, to ply
The house-wife's loom, and spread my nightly couch—
Fly, whilst thy flight can save thee, and begone!

No more!—obedient to the stern decree,
The aged suitor turns his trembling steps
To the surf-beaten shore; there calls his God,
And, in the bitterness of anguish, prays—

"Hear me thou God who draw'st the silver bow,
Hear, thou, whom Chrysa worships, hear thou king
Of Tenedos, of Cella:—Sminthens hear!
And if thy priest hath ever deck'd thy shrine,
Or on thy flaming altars offer'd up
Grateful oblations,—send thine arrows forth,
Strike, strike these tyrants, and avenge my tears."

Thus Chryses pray'd, nor was the prayer unheard;
Quick, at his call, the vengeful God uprear'd
His tow'ring stature on Olympus' top,
Behind him hung his bow; onward he strode,
Terrific, black as night, and as he shook
The quiver'd arrows, the affrighted air
Echo'd the dreadful knell:—Now from aloft
Wide o'er the subject fleet he glanc'd his eye,
And from his silver bow, with sounding string,
Launch'd the unerring shaft, &c.

It will not be denied but that Cowper has, in many respects, given an excellent translation of Homer; especially in the endeavour to preserve the energy of the original, and in the compound ephitets, which so much abound in the Iliad, which was supposed would not be well translated.

The act of Apollo in smiting the Greeks, with the plague, is also happily translated.

....." Clang'd the cord,
Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow."

Observations on the above, from some learned readers, may be acceptable. It will, at least, be admitted, that had not the task been undertaken by Cowper, we should have been very solicitous for Mr. Cumberland to have proceeded. For the tags of rhyme, even in the hands of Pope, could not permit us to discover even as well as the English language could exhibit, the spirit of the Greek poems—On this much might be said.

J. B.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The speculative opinions of a writer, whose travels in the United States have lately been published, may deserve some attention, when they are expressed upon a topic so universally interesting as "the future destiny" of our country. The question whether that important region of territory, upon the continent of America, which, for a series of years, has been in the peaceable possession of Spain, shall now, all of a sudden, be transferred to new hands, and in the interim of its being occupied by its new masters, whether the commerce of the citizens of the United States, shall be totally excluded from the only port of entry in the river Missisippi, is discussed, at this moment, with singular zeal, by all ranks of the community. On subjects of such momentous concern to the people of the United States, even the remarks of a foreigner should be listened to, and if they contain useful hints, they ought to be advantageously improved.

The traveller referred to, in considering the "future destinies of North America," has made the observation, that, "it is not even ascertained as yet, whether the eastern maritime states, and those to the westward, such as Kentucky, Ten-

nessee, &c. *will not separate;* nor is it yet sure, that the northern and southern states, which are divided by the Potomack, will always remain united in one political body; *and certain writers have already wrested from the crown of Spain, all the lands westward of the Missisippi, and given them to the Republic.*"

In the preceeding remarks, there is evidence of foresight and penetration in the writer, which is singularly striking, at this moment, when the attention of our countrymen is roused at the idea of a dismemberment of our territory, as a consequence of the cession of Louisiana by Spain to France.

He proceeds; "But if the Indians should prove incapable of maintaining the possession of their land, and Spain should lose the extensive territories westward of the Missisippi, *they would nevertheless not become parts of the United States.* The European powers will settle and determine concerning them *among themselves, and the American Republic will be allowed no voice in the case,* for she has *no military force* to give her weight; the Europeans will therefore most probably decide, who shall possess that country, *and they will not give it to the Americans*"

When the president of the United States announced, in his late message to congress, "the cession of the Spanish province of Louisiana to France," as having taken place, "in the course of the late war," the predictions of this writer, were literally verified; two European powers, undertook "to settle and determine concerning the extensive territories, westward of the Missisippi," without allowing "the American Republic any voice in the case." It is true, that the United States had no claim to the territory in question, but they had an undoubted right to make a treaty with Spain, and to stipulate for the free navigation of a river, which is a source and a flood of wealth to the people of our western country, dwelling near its borders. Nor had Spain the right of ceding to France, a territory in which the United States possessed, *by compact,* certain valuable privileges, without first obtaining their consent, or charging the transfer of possession to other hands, with all existing incumbrances.

The principle, which has just been advanced, is fully recognized by the law of nations, and during the debate in the national legislature, on Mr. Griswold's motion to go into a committee of the whole, on the state of the union, for the purpose of calling up the resolution, asking, from the executive, information respecting the cession of Louisiana to France, Mr. Lowndes, (of South-Carolina) insisted, with emphasis, upon its application to the relative situations of the United States, Spain and France, in the present contest respecting Louisiana. The remarks of this gentleman were as follows: "It has been observed, Mr. Speaker, that if Spain has ceded the province of Louisiana to France, it is merely a transaction between two foreign powers, into which we have no right to enquire. It is said, she had a right to make the cession without consulting us. This, sir, I deny. *She has not a right to vary our situation without our consent;* she has not a right, without consulting us, *to give us what neighbours* she may think proper.

"If, by the conditions of the transfer, France is to be allowed, upon taking possession, to consult her own convenience, without regard to our rights, there has been a violation of good faith on the part of Spain. The essential interests of this country, interests secured to us by treaty, have been abandoned."

In this great question, respecting the right of Spain to cede to France the province of Louisiana, several important points of the law of nature and nations, are incidentally involved. The navigation of the river Missisippi may possibly give rise to contentions, as serious in their consequences to the United States, as ever flowed from the disputes between the maritime states of Europe, respecting the free navigation of the river Scheld. This is an occasion, when it would be justifiable to cite and discuss the doctrine of *mare liberum and mare clausum,* and when we wish to consult *authorities* on this subject, we shall much sooner refer to *Grotius,* than to *governor M'Kean and governor Mercer.**

—

We think very well of Hugh Grotius's treatise "*De Mare libero,*" and have heard the knowing ones express high approbation of *Paul Merula's* "*Dissertatio de Maribus,*" and as Thomas M'Kean pretends to know something of the controversies which have prevailed respecting *Mare liberum, and Mare clausum,* and James Monroe, the President's Envoy, is entirely ignorant of these subjects, we should have been disposed to acquiesce in the mission to Spain, had the first named person been selected to fill the station. The character of Mr. M'Kean is that of a proud Castilian, and a grandee of Spain. The motto to his *coat of arms* would seem to indicate, "homo antiquâ virtute ac fide," for to what higher praise can man aspire than the title of the "*Mens sana, in corpore sano.*" Mr. Monroe, on the contrary, is one of your canting, meek, lowly, republican puritans—the motto to whose *coat of arms* is, "Dread God." When the Roman people, once on a time, sent an impotent Embassy, it was said, by some of their satirists, "Misset populus Romanus, legationem, qui nec pedes, nec caput habet."

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The *impartial statement* of the affray which took place, not far from Port-Tobacco, on the 28th of December last, which was published in the National Intelligencer, so completely *nailed* Mr. Rutledge *to the wall,* that we apprehend some difficulty will be found in extracting him, with the aid of Messrs. Simmes and Clagget's portable patent-pincers.

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Of what avail are affidavits on oath, in establishing the truth of facts, when opposed by the word of "a Senator of the United States," from the state of Rhode-Island?

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The honourable Mr. E——— has proved himself so clever at detecting *forgeries,* that we expect to hear very soon, that the depositions of Messrs. Simmes and Clagget are documents, falsified *by Mr. R——— and in his hand writing.*

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Messieurs Bayard, Griswold, and Rutledge, enjoy, it is said, the distinguished honor of the cordial hatred and abhorrence of the President of the United States. Their masculine intrepidity, seconded by unrivalled talents, have enabled them to "speak daggers" to the soul of every jacobin in the country. Hence the extraordinary efforts of the government party to defeat the re-election of these gentlemen as Representatives to the national legislature.

* To understand this allusion the reader is reminded of a certain *consequential* letter from governor M'Kean to governor Mercer, on the important subject of "*a toll* on the passage of vessels from this state, down the bed of the Susquehannah river, through part of the state of Maryland, into the Chesapeake bay, and towards the Atlantic Ocean," in which governor M'Kean, with abundant solemnity, expresses a well grounded confidence, that, "The controversies respecting the *mare liberum* and mare clausum, the Baltic, the Scheld, and the Rhine, in Europe, and the Missisippi, in America, will not, as *they need not,* be revived *in this case.*"

Monsieur Gallatin makes fearful work with the English language, as well as with American finances. We are at a loss to determine what sentiment he means to convey, in his rumbling and jolting vehicle of expression. We recommend Dilworth and Ashe's portable little grammar to this gabbling Genevese, and we admonish him to learn something of English construction, before he presumes to appear again in print.

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In most of our print-shops, there is a most outrageous likeness of a gawky figure, to which the artist has appended the far-famed name of T. Jefferson. As we stopped, the other day, to gaze at this portentous figure, we could not help remembering a passage in the Rolliad—

> Behold the Engraver's mimic labours trace,
> The sober image of that sapient face;
> See him, in each peculiar charm exact,
> Below dilate it, and above contract;
> For Nature thus, inverting her design,
> From vulgar ovals hath distinguish'd thine:
> See him each nicer character supply,
> The pert, no meaning puckering round the eye;
> The mouth, in plaits precise, demurely clos'd,
> Each ordered feature, and each line composed;
> There wisdom sits a-squat, in starch disguise,
> Like dulness couch'd, to catch us by surprise.

—

The specious hypocrisy of the revolutionary disciples of Rousseau, their tender mercies towards Grubs, and their latent animosity to grandeur and virtue, are all finely described by Burke, who well understood the depraved nature of the traitors to the French monarchy. He knew the *weakness* as well as the wickedness of their accursed theory. He *cherished* a moral antipathy towards these political highwaymen, or rather footpads, because he was sure that with all their republican babble, their whole system was rottenness.

> ———"From within
> Their *shallow* centre to their utmost skin."

"These *savages* seemed tame and even caressing. They had nothing but *douce humanité* in their mouths. They could not bear the punishment of the mildest laws on the greatest criminals. The slightest severity of justice made their flesh creep. The very idea that war existed in the world disturbed their repose. Military glory was no more with them, than a splendid infamy. Hardly would they hear of self defence, which they reduced within such bounds, as to leave it no defence at all. All this while, they meditated confiscation and massacres."

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In a paper in the Idler, by Dr. Johnson, there occurs a suggestion of an historical subject, for the pencil, which we find has been actually taken up by our countryman, Sir Benjamin West, who, to the great scandal of a republic, has accepted a title from a king, and chooses to live in London, rather than in the *Liberties* of Philadelphia.

If the design were not too multifarious and extensive, I should wish that our painters would attempt the dissolution of the parliament, by Cromwell. The point of time may be chosen, when Cromwell, looking round the *Pandemonium* with contempt, ordered the bauble to be taken away; and Harrison laid hands on the speaker to drag him from the chair.

The various appearances, which rage and terror, and astonishment and guilt might exhibit in the faces of that *hateful assembly;* the irresolute repugnance of some, the hypocritical submission of others, the ferocious insolence of Cromwell, the rugged brutality of Harrison, and the general trepidation of fear and wickedness, would make a picture of irresistible instruction.

A youth of a luxuriant imagination and vivid parts, at a college in a certain democratic state, anxious to convince his father of his rapid improvement, as well as his talent at imitating, and even excelling, a certain great character in the sublimity of his language, concludes a very flourishing letter to him in these words—"*I tender you the homage of a fumigation, with the odoriferous incense, which evaporates from the profound respects of*

Your most obsequious Son,

———— ————."

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In a late Providence paper, a blacksmith advertises a VICE, which has been stolen from him. He must be a *vicious* thief that can *steal vices*.

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The following is strict truth, respecting Charles Fox, the noted profligate patriot, who visits Buonaparte and La Fayette. "Nothing is more certain than that the party leader of the English jacobins, though he thinks it suits his interest to sacrifice at the shrine of Democracy, is, in reality, actuated by a proud Aristocratic spirit. But it is, indeed, impossible for men of sense and education to relish the coarse tyranny of republican usurpers, though they may be induced, by selfish motives, to abet so gross and odious a system.

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The ensuing extract, from the letter of an elegant remarker, contains so many ingenious remarks, neatly expressed, that it is well worthy a memorial.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM PARIS, SEPTEMBER 12.

"The residence of an Englishman in Paris powerfully tends to render him contented with his own country. On a fair comparison, we have the advantage in almost every thing that contributes to the happiness of a man of an enlightened and independent mind. But in our capital source of pleasure and improvement we are infinitely excelled. I reflect with disgust on almost all the theatrical representations I ever saw in England. I attach no consequence to the number of theatres; but I reflect with mortification and envy upon the admirable manner in which they are conducted. It would be more desirable to have a box in the fourth or fifth house here, than in the second in London. One would witness more judgment in the managers, more talent in the actors, and more taste in the audience. Constant habit renders us insensible to the low state of our drama; but, on coming over to this side of the water, it strikes one with extraordinary force. This degeneracy is altogether unaccounable. Whether have the audience spoilt the actors; or the actors the audience? unquestionably they are very bad. Here the theatres are filled with real amateurs, and they seldom find occasion but to approve. What order prevails? what expectation is excited? what devotion is shewn to the business of the stage? what rapture is displayed on every countenance at any particular happy trait of humour or burst of passion? In London few seem to go for the sake of the play, and the greatest part would probably be as well pleased if the curtain were never drawn up. Judging by the public places, London must be reckoned infinitely the most profligate. I will by no means vouch for the virtue of all the female part of a French audience; but women are never seen in the theatres insulting decency, and openly bartering their charms. Venal beauty constitutes no part of the attraction. The theatres are under very severe regulations, framed by the police. These, however, have little influence. There is no occasion for positive law, as no one shews the least propensity to offend. While the curtain is up, a whisper among the audience is never heard; to cough even is reckoned unmannerly, and if an Englishman moves from one box to another the performance is suspended. What must a Frenchman think when he sees the stage of the opera house crowded with coxcombs, and when at all the theatres the grand object of most people seems to be to disturb their neighbours. While the actors excuse themselves by the inattention of the audience, the audience perhaps may urge as their plea the badness of the actors. There is no doubt that the stage here is much better worth attending to. We have artists, I am proud to think, superior to any that Paris can boast of. I admire Talma enthusiastically. In clearness, strength, and flexibility of voice, in variety of tone, in dignity of exclamation, in ease of deportment, in elegance of attitude, I think him much superior to Mr. Kemble. Perhaps he falls short of him in pourtraying the passions, less from want of ability than from the limitted range allowed him by French tragedy—which, whatever its merits, in simplicity and correctnes, in richness of imagery, and smoothness of versification, in its power over the heart, must at once yield to the irregular effusions of Shakespeare, Otway, and Rowe. But I have never seen Talma so great as Mr. Kemble in *Hamlet*, *Piercy*, or the *Stranger*. Mrs. Siddons appeared to me to be still more superior to the principal female tragic performers here.... Still our *spectacles* are miserable. We have *parts* well performed, but never a *whole*. Here the second rate artists, whether tragedians, comedians, or dancers, are almost equal to the first, and there are but two divisions. After you have descended one degree the scale stops. The attendants on queens, the bearers of messages, and the figurantes in the ballet are all admirable performers, and could take almost any part in the piece. At this moment there are many at Paris who would be almost at the top of the profession in England, and who cannot get an engagement of any kind. Why among us there should be so few tolerable actors I am altogether at a loss to explain. Except Cooke no one has appeared in London for many years; while at the *Comedie Francaise*, I give you my word, within a few weeks back, there have been several *debutants* and *deputantes* of the most superior talents, and there are many, of whom report speaks favourably, that cannot get a hearing. Where is the actor so well paid as with us? Where is he held in higher estimation? In provincial theatricals we are left further behind. Although the performers of the metropolis are never permitted to go into the country, there is in every town a company, superior to that of Bristol, Manchester, or Edinburg, during the summer months. I went to the theatre as I passed through Calais. The admission to the boxes was but 30 sols, or 1s. 3d. There were an opera and a farce. The opera was but so so, though far better than I expected; but I protest that I never saw a farce better acted at Drury Lane or Covent Garden. I have great hopes that an intercourse with the French nation, while it strengthens our love of liberty and our attachment to to the constitution, will lead us to emulate them in what they excel, and that their example will teach us both what we are to aspire after, and what we are to shun."

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HALIFAX, (N. S.)

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N. S.

On Tuesday, the 14th of September, was held the first meeting of all the governors of the new university of king's college, at Windsor, incorporated by his majesty's royal charter, bearing date the 12th of May, 1802. They consist of his excellency Sir John Wentworth, bart. L. L. D. lieutenant-governor of the province; the right reverend the bishop of Nova-Scotia; S. S. Blowers, esq. the chief justice; Alexander Croke, L. L. D. judge of the vice admiralty court; R. J. Uniacke, esq. speaker of the house of assembly and attorney-general; S. Stewart, esq. solitcitor-general; and Benning Wentworth, esq. secretary of the province. Upon this occasion the charter was publicly read in the college hall. It establishes "at Windsor, in the province of Nova-Scotia, one college, the mother of an university, for the education and instruction of youth and students, in arts and faculties, to continue for ever, and to be called KING'S COLLEGE, by the name and style of the governors, president, and fellows of king's college, at Windsor, in the province of Nova-Scotia; the college to consist of one president, three or more fellows and professors, and twelve or more scholars; the governors named in the charter, and their successors, to have power to frame statutes, rules and ordinances, for the good government of the said college, subject to the approbation of the lord archbishop of Canterbury, who is constituted patron, as the bishop of Nova-Scotia, is appointed visitor of the college." The charter further ordains, "That the said college shall be deemed and taken to be an university, and shall have and enjoy all such and the like privileges as are enjoyed by the universities in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland: and that the students in the said college shall have liberty and faculty of taking the degrees of batchelor, master, and doctor, in the several arts and faculties, at the appointed times."

The governors have appointed a committee to frame and digest a body of statutes, and also to procure, from the British universities, men of learning, religion, and abilities, to fill the different stations. It is hoped that the whole will be accomplished, and the establishment completed for the admission of students, in one year, or less from the present time.

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The following sketch of the meat sold in the market of Halifax, for the September quarter, affords a pleasing proof of the agricultural improvements which have, in a few years taken place in this country, and furnishes a happy presage of its increasing prosperity.

3158 sheep; 502 calves, 614 oxen; 21 hogs.

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The apostolic rite of confirmation was lately conferred on several hundred persons in Christ Church, by Benjamin Moore, D. D. bishop of the Protestant episcopal church in the state of New-York. The bishop, on this occasion, was received, at his entrance into the church, by the congregation singing those appropriate lines from the 118th psalm,

"Him that approaches in God's name
"Let all the assembly bless;" &c.

The discourse he delivered was impressive, and well adapted to the occasion, and was suitably received by the congregation, whose satisfaction was greatly enhanced by this seal of their union with their sister societies in the state.

[*New-York paper.*

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The new and beautiful church at Danbury, was lately consecrated, by the right reverend Doctor Jarvis—a sermon preached by the bishop from Exodus 25. 8. to a crowded audience, which manifested their approbation by their very attentive and decent behaviour. The elegance of the house evinced to all present that the members gratefully received and religiously improved the grant of a lottery which enabled them to build it, and dedicate to the worship of Almighty God.

Dr. Aiken's Beggar's Petition has produced many a parody. The following will amuse the *humane* hunter.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old MARE,
Whose trembling limbs scarce keep her from th'ground;
Whose wearied days are lengthened to despair,
For I am lame, and wretchedly unsound.

This pierced skin my poverty betides,
Oh, once, alas! the sleekest of the stud;
And many a furrow in my spur-worn sides,
Has been the channel of a tide of blood.

Yon tavern sign, erected near the wood,
With tempting aspect, drew me from the road;
To shelter there—for "entertainment good,
For man and horse," was painted on the board.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor—
Here, as I crav'd a handful of their hay,
An ostler drove me from the stable door,
To seek again my solitary way.

Oh, take me to yon hovel's straw-built shed,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold;
Oh, spare some litter for a scanty bed,
For I am lame, and miserably cold.

Should I reveal the sources of my pain,
How long I've borne oppressions direful sway;
Your hand would not withhold a little grain,
And I, in humble gratitude, would neigh.

Myself descended from the noblest race,
Oft from Newmarket's course the palm have borne;
Or ran the foremost in the jovial chace,
When rous'd to mettle by the sprightly horn.

Hard riding makes the stoutest horse decline;
Hard riding brought me to the state you see;
May your own horse's fate be ne'er like mine,
The foal of famine and of misery.

Doom'd to draw sand, I labour'd through the day,
With toil oppress'd, to earn my master's bread;
Then turn'd adrift, this dreary waste to stray,
Unheeded, and unhoused, and worst of all, unfed.

Blind Dobbin, late companion of my age,
Oft did the cruel whip his carcase flay,
Fell, stumbling fell, sad victim to blind rage,
And left the cart to cruelty, and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old MARE,
Whose trembling limbs scarce keep her from th' ground;
Whose wearied days are lengthened to despair,
For I am lame, and wretchedly unsound.

—

The songs of Dibdin are sung not only in the forecastle, but in the saloon. All admire the merit of his maritime muse, and all testify the utility of thus animating the seaman to his duty. In one of the newest operas, the following sea ballad is sung, and Dibdin need not be ashamed of the style, or the sentiments.

A sailor I was born and bred,
My father's name was Midship Ned,
I doesn't tell a story;
And when he died, says Mam, says she,
Suppose, my lad, you goes to sea,
Says I, that there's all one to me,
If 'tis for Britain's glory.

I learnt to splice, and reef, and clue,
To drink my grog, till all was blue,
And tell a merry story;
And though I was'nt very big,
Aloft I'd climb, nor care a fig,
Or load a gun, and dance a jig,
And all for Britain's glory.

When I came home again, I found
My mother she was left aground,
I doesn't tell a story;
For she was cheated by an elf,
Who married her for father's pelf,
Then spent the cash, and hang'd himself,
And all for Britain's glory.

I fought the Spanish, French, and Dutch,
You know it doesn't matter much,
To tell a tedious story;
While mother liv'd, why I kept she,
And, now I cannot go to sea,
The King, God bless him, he keeps me,
And all for Britain's glory.

The perfections of the grey hound, are thus described in certain old couplets.

Head like a snake,
Neck'd like a drake,
Back'd like a beam,
Sided like a bream,
Tail'd like a rat,
And footed like a cat.

—

The general reader may remember the gross scurility, employed by the jacobin Junius, against Welbore Ellis, Esq. as a ministerial partizan in 1770. *Time, which on all things lays his lenient hand*, has redeemed the character of this virtuous nobleman, and a recent mourner for his loss has thus given the lie to Junius, that great *patriot*.

The right honourable Welbore Ellis, Lord Mendep, was *respected* and *honoured* by all *who knew him* while living, and his loss will long be sincerely regretted. His mind was stored with extensive learning, which his extraordinary memory retained to the last. No man possessed more strict *integrity* and *honesty*; his charities were extensive; there never was a man who, through so long a political life, made so few enemies; his country has lost an *able* and *honest* STATESMAN; his king a most loyal subject.

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The following remarks, from a very respectable London print, merit regard, and will suggest topics of curious speculation to wise politicians, of old fashioned principles, who do not repair for perfect theories of government to the shallow presumption of jacobin cuckows.

A short time ago the three petty cantons of Switzerland, which refuse to acknowledge the new constitution of the Helvetic Republic, applied to the chief consul for his sanction in resuming their ancient government. The Moniteur notices certain publications in the *Publiciste* on this subject, and says, "the French government recognizes only one government in the Helvetic Republic. A portion, therefore, of this people could not have written to him without placing themselves in a state of rebellion against their own government." The sentiment here expressed forms an important part of the history of the French revolution. It is a censure of those persons who went from England in 1792, and presented addresses at the bar of the convention; it is a revocation of the doctrine of assistance and fraternity, which is said to have given so much alarm at the commencement of the war. Buonaparte has discovered that *principles of insubordination* existing in the breasts of surrounding nations will not promote his schemes of aggrandizement. He trusts to force alone, and is desirous of appealing only to his sword. He has nothing to hope from the affection of any people, and relies for the success of all his projects on his soldiers. He now, too, *feels* the *inconvenience* of allowing a *people to have too great a share in the management of the affairs of state*, and daily throws out hints to assure them that, if they will but support his authority, they shall have nothing to fear from the practice of any of the principles of the French revolution. Now that he is seated on the throne, he thinks, as every one thought before him, that all goes well, that all are incendiary jacobins, who attempt to thawrt his projects or restrain his power. Let him proceed....He will run himself down at last. Opposition to his views would at present be wholly ineffectual.

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We have the greatest satisfaction in assuring the public that Mr. Pitt's health has been perfectly re-established by even the short use which he has made of the Bath waters. That great man never was in better health than at the present moment, and we have no doubt of soon seeing his unrivalled talents exerted in parliament, in support of the cause and the interests of his country.

We hope that the following literary plan of an ingenious and correct Editor, will receive ample encouragement, and that though he labours amid the rigours of the *north*, he may feel the genial influence of the *south*. "Proposals are issued, at Quebec, by John Neilson, for publishing every Saturday, a periodical work, in the French and English language, embracing a variety of useful information, entitled "The British American Register," each number to contain sixteen pages royal octavo, at one guinea per annum.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Two years have elapsed since the establishment of the Port Folio; and, amid adverse fortune, and vexing cares, in despite of the menaces of some, the timidity of others, and the languor of all, the Editor has struggled to support the *spirit* of the undertaking.

But, from various causes, unpleasant and unforeseen, his literary labours have been so desultory, so languid, and so imperfect, that, as he sternly surveys his own compositions, in this Journal, no Zoilus can criticise more austerely, than their author.

Yet, though he is depressed, by reflecting on the past, he still looks forward, confidently, to the future; such is the bounding elasticity of mind, and the flattery of Hope is so beguiling.

His friends will not, therefore, be surprised, though another volume of this paper be projected. The Editor cordially thanks them for assisting him, a way-farer towards public utility, and partial approbation. He begs leave to add, after the compliments of a festal season, that, with the alacrity of the shepherd swain, in Milton's Lycidas, he will rise from the couch of lassitude, and commence his intellectual tour,

"To-*morrow* to *fresh* fields, and pastures *new*."

It is expedient to add, that the public encouragement of this Journal is so moderate, that the Editor, far from receiving the *labourer's hire*, has *gained* nothing, but the kindness of a few of the most partial of his friends. Since the autumn of 1795, at all times zealously, and oftentimes laboriously, he has attempted, by literary and political essays, to amuse a few, and to warn many. His sketches, sufficiently imperfect, have scarcely been lucrative enough to pay for the *oil*, consumed in their composition. This is a retrospect of regret, and a cause of just alarm for the morrow. In the third year of his Journal, great efforts will be made to deserve a liberal retribution. If the Editor still fail to receive the fairly earned recompence, for literary toil, he will then think with the poet, that this is, indeed, *an idle trade*; and, in the words of Johnson "finding, with all his industry, that he cannot deserve regard, or cannot attain it, he may let his design fall at once, and, without injury to others, or himself, *retire* to amusements of greater pleasure, and to studies of better prospect."

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The Copartnership, in the Port Folio establishment, which has hitherto subsisted, between the Editor, Asbury Dickins, and Elizabeth Dickins—is this day dissolved.

31st December, 1802.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

Friend of my heart! and must we bid farewel?
  Has death, unfeeling, pierc'd thy noble breast?
Could nought, the rage of dire disease, repel,
  Nor no kind aid the fatal stroke arrest?

Then have I cause to grieve, for I had thought
  With thee to journey through the world's sad wild,
Thy truth my guide, by thine example taught;
  In thee I trusted and was ne'er beguil'd.

Thy soul was honor's self, ingenuous, true,
  No vicious action stain'd thy bright career;
Fair virtue's precepts did thy mind imbue,
  And made thee what I mourn, a friend sincere.

As o'er thy early grave I bend in tears,
  And heave for thee the sorrow-freighted sigh,
Thy vision rising to my sight appears,
  And mournful whispers, that I too must die.

EDWARD.

DIONYSIUS, THE TYRANT, AND PHILOXENUS, THE BARD, OR, THE POET NO FLATTERER.

A TALE OF OTHER TIMES.

Sated with conquests, and with crimes,
A Roberspierre of other times,
To warm his *former* courtiers freezing praise,
Attempted to usurp the Bays;
But how to make his title good,
Whilst Genius dreads the man of blood!
The better to secure his Jury,
He mask'd in smiles his innate fury.
Were poets hungry, poor, or cold,
He gave them dinners, furs, and gold;
Ask'd men of genius to his table,
Who, 'midst such blandishments, unable
Their Io-Pæans to refuse,
Flatter'd the monster, and his muse.
But Philoxenus, who alone,
To all the rest superior shone,
Join'd not the adulating strain,
And fawning greatness fawn'd in vain.
Such conduct could a tyrant bear,
Anxious a *laurel crown* to wear?
"Your sullen silence, sir, give o'er,
"Speak out—what say you?"—"Write no more!"
How!—write no more!—'twas envy spoke,
I'll crush her, with a single stroke,
At genius, royalty, to scoff!
"Guards, to the mines, the wretch bear off."
Th' obsequious guards the nod obey,
And bear him to the mines away.

Aw'd with the fate of such a guest,
A thrilling terror chill'd each breast;
Each felt, with sympathetic sorrow,
That such might be his fate to-morrow.
The sword o'er Damocles suspended,
Might fall, before the feast was ended.
The tyrant reads his works in vain,
Give Philoxenus back again,
He read in ev'ry downcast eye,
And found it prudent to comply;
So seal'd a pardon to the sinner,
By asking him again to dinner.
Choice were the wines, the viands rare,
But the desert of coarser fare;
Some palling, namby-pamby sweets,
Such as in birth-day odes, one meets,
All of the tyrant's own composing,
Soon, set our honest bard a dosing.
"Why, Philoxenus! rub your eyes,
"Hath not experience made you wise?
"My last, best efforts, I've recited,
"My guests, you see, are all delighted;
"Envy ne'er taints a gen'rous spirit,
"Give your opinion on their merit.
"What, Philoxenus, do you say?"
—"Guards, *bear me to the mines away!*"

But whilst the guards around him rally,
Charm'd with the humour of this sally,
The tyrant chose a wiser plan,
And for his wit forgave the man.

SELECTED POETRY.

[When the propagation of French and infamous principles had arisen to an alarming height in England, the friends of government, to counteract and expose the baleful effects of democracy, established in London a most masterly paper, called "The Anti-Jacobin," conducted in a very superior style, by some of the brightest wits in the kingdom. Some of the most excellent arguments against revolutionary and irreligious principles have appeared in this paper, and it is frequently the vehicle of poetry, serious and ludicrous, of which Juvenal, and the author of the Pursuits of Literature need not have been ashamed. Among their most elegant effusions, we find the following sarcasm upon the French, which in a strain of poetry and parody, nearly unrivalled, ridicules the directory, and most aptly alludes to the Morning Hymn of Milton.]

Ere long perhaps, to this astonished isle,
Fresh from the shores of subjugated Nile,
Shall Buonaparte's victor fleet protect
The genuine Theo Philanthropic sect?—
The sect of Marat, Mirabeau, Voltaire,
Led by their pontiff, good La Revelliere.
Rejoic'd our clubs shall greet him, and instal
The holy hunch back in thy dome, St. Paul,
While countless votaries thronging in his train
Wave their red caps, and hymn this jocund strain;
"Couriers and Stars, sedition's evening host,
Thou Morning Chronicle, and Morning Post,
Whether you make the Rights of Man your theme,
Your country libel and your God blaspheme,
Or dirt on private worth and virtue throw,
Still, blasphemous or blackguard, praise Lepaux.
And ye five other wandering bards that move
In sweet accords of harmony and love,
Coleridge and Southey, Loyd and Lambe and Co.
Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux!
Priestly and Wakefield, humble, holy men,
Give praises to his name with tongue and pen!
Thalwell, and ye that lecture as ye go,
And for your pains get pelted, praise Lepaux!
Praise him each jacobin, or fool, or knave,
And your crop'd heads in sign of worship wave!
All creeping creatures, venemous and low,
Paine, Williams, Godwin, Holcroft—praise Lepaux!
And thou leviathan! on ocean's brim
Hugest of living things that sleep and swim;
Thou in whose nose by Burke's gigantic hand
The hook was fixed to drag thee to the land,
With Tierney, Fox, and Nicholls in thy train,
And Whitebread wallowing in the yeastly main,
Still as you snort, and puff, and spout, and blow,
In puffing, and in spouting, praise Lepaux!"
  Britain beware; nor let the insiduous foe,
Of force despairing, aim a deadly blow.
Thy peace, thy strength, with dev'lish wiles assail,
And when her arms are vain, by arts prevail.
True thou art rich, art powerful—through thine isle,
Industrious skill, contented labour, smile—
For seas are studded with thy countless sails—
What wind but wafts them, and what shore but hails?
True, thou art brave—throughout thy busy land
In patriot ranks embattled myriads stand!
Thy foes behold with impotent amaze,
And drop the lifted weapon as they gaze.

But what avails to guard each outward part,
If subtile poison circling at her heart,
Spite of thy courage, of thy pow'r, and wealth,
Mine the sound fabric of thy vital health?
  So thine own oak, by some fair streamlet's side,
Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride,
Shades the green earth, and tow'ring to the skies,
In conscious strength, the tempest's wrath defies.
The fowls of heav'n its ample branches share,
To its cool shade the panting herds repair;
The limpid current works its noiseless way;
The fibres loosen, and the roots decay.
Prostrate the mighty ruin lies; and all
That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.
  O thou, lamented sage, whose prescient scan
Laid bare foul anarchy's gigantic plan;
Prompt to incred'lous hearers to disclose
The guilt of France, and Europe's world of woes:
Thou, on whose name far distant time shall gaze,
The mighty sea mark of those troubled days,
O large of soul, of genius unconfin'd,
Born to delight, instruct, and mend mankind:
Burke! in whose breast a Roman ardour glow'd,
Whose copious tongue with Grecian richness flow'd,
Well hast thou found (if such thy country's doom)
A timely refuge in the shelt'ring tomb.
  As in far realms beneath the cypress shade,
Where eastern kings in pomp of death are laid,
The perfum'd lamp with unextinguished light
Flames thro' the vault, and cheers the gloom of night;
So mighty Burke! in thy sepulchral urn
To fancy's view the lamp of truth shall burn.
Thither late times shall turn their rev'rent eyes,
Led by that light, and by thy wisdom wise.

FROM MAURICE'S POEMS.

TO SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Whither does fancy stretch her rapid wing?
Through what new regions of serener spring?
My ravish'd sense an opening Eden greets,
A waste of treasures, and a wild of sweets—
Entranc'd I seem through fairy bowers to stray,
Where scatter'd rubies pave the spangled way;
Transparent walks, with polish'd sapphires bright,
And fountains* sparkling with ambrosian light.
A sweeter lyre no eastern swain had strung,
More softly warbled or more boldly sung;
Whether, great bard, thy vigorous muse rehearse
Solima's deathless praise, in deathless verse;
Or, tuned to grief, thy melting numbers move,
Breathing the softest tales of plaintive love;
Tender as Petrarch's flows the impassion'd line,
Nor Vida boasts a chaster page than thine.
Yet not that Britain's laurels round thy head,
And Arab's palms with rival lustre spread,
For this I sing—but that, with fix'd disdain,
Thy Roman soul refus'd the flatterer's strain;
And dar'd prefer (unvers'd in courtly guile)
Virtue's just praise beyond a monarch's smile.†

EPIGRAM.

Cries Doctor Slop, elated with his skill,
My patient, Tom, observe I never kill;
In twice ten hours, so quick'd I cur'd his gout,
The Alderman was able to *go out*.
That's true, quoth Tom, let our opponents rave,
I myself met him—*going*—to his *grave*.

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* Alluding to the Poem of the Seven Fountains.
† See preface to Nadir Shah.

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